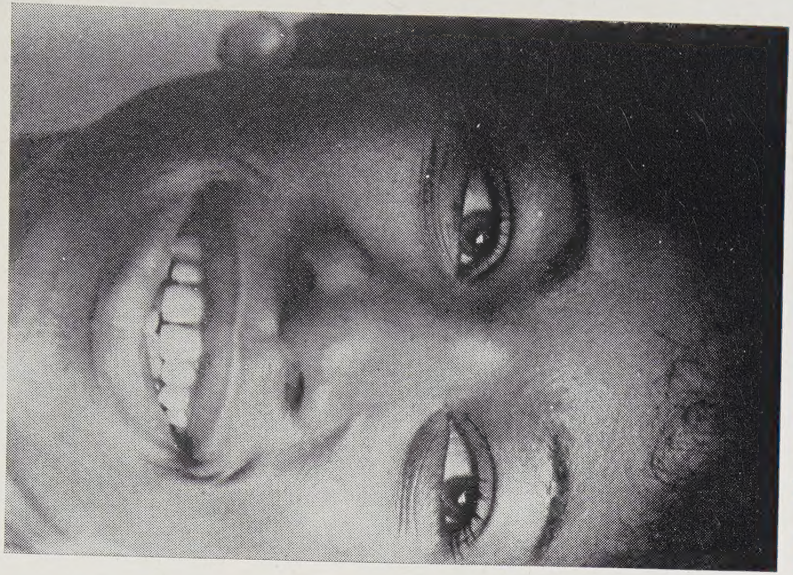
NOVEMBER 3, 1968



i was in prague ✲ law and order ✲ miss black america

"A regular pioneer woman, that's me . . .

I sew, I cook, I dance, I write my own poems"

MISS BLAC

BY HANS KNIGHT

She smiled. Not a wide sm that displayed a set of perfect te A small, soft one. It seemed to looking inside herself as much as

She said she was a pioneer.

"A regular pioneer woman, th me. I sew, I cook, I dance, I sing even make up my own songs an write my own poems." She said songs and the poems may not be greatest, but they were honest described how she felt.

I talked with her soon after t had put a crown on her head, in ballroom of a medium-sized mote Atlantic City. Her name is Saun Williams, 19, and she is finely ma with hazel eyes, full lips and natu unstraightened hair. Her skin is color of light bronze.

The crown they had placed on head that September midnight more than a flashy, rather unwie ornament. It signified that Saun Williams would be known—by th who remember such things—as first Miss Black America.

She said she was proud of the t "Maybe I can do something . . . pr something."

There had been another contest night, not far from the medium-s motel. It was the Miss America eant, and the winner was Judith A Ford, 18, of Belvidere, Ill., blonde hair and peaches-and-cr complexion, and maybe she will remembered, too. When it was over, the press and the TV squ swirled all about Miss Ford, and

Photos by Ed Eckstein

MERICA

d all the right things until some-
ly asked her what she thought of
Miss Black America contest down
boardwalk, and then one of her
ardians intercepted whatever she
s going to say because it was a
troversial question. The real Miss
erica must be beautiful and tal-
ed and be able to sell sponsors'
ducts, like soft drinks and soaps.
at she must not be is controversial.
d so, no dialogue between Miss
erica and Miss Black America.

The Miss Black America Pageant
had a parade, but it created much
stir. Compared to the "real"
g, it was a shoestring, make-shift
ir. It was thought up during a
instorming session in the offices of
ladelphia's Fashionable Produc-
s Inc., a Negro-operated two-
r-old firm that runs a modeling
ool, prints some magazines, and
nufactures a clothing line. The
a, according to Brenda Cozart, of
company, was "not a protest
inst Miss America. . . . It was to
e Negro girls a chance to show that
ck is beautiful and to enter a con-
that isn't being judged by Cauca-
standards." The NAACP liked
idea and backed it.

The black pageant wasn't received
unanimous hosannas. The long-
e director of the Miss Sepia Amer-
Beauty Pageant said the new pag-
t would make it harder to inte-
e the Miss America contest. Oth-
have criticized it for imitating a
ctacle that robs women of their
dignity and reduces them to commercial properties.

Such caveats did not visibly dampen Miss Williams' spirits when I saw her. Nobody had sung "There she goes . . ." when she won out over 18 other girls, and she hadn't seemed to miss that accolade. Nor, at the announcement of her victory, had she broken into tears.

"What was there to cry about?" she said, massaging her ankle she'd sprained while dancing after the contest. "It was a good thing, something that should have happened long ago. . . . I'm glad to be the first of a kind, but I hope I won't be the last."

She had nothing against Miss America, she said. "If anything, I felt a bit sorry for her. I used to watch Miss America pageants on TV, and I always thought it was a shame how they treated those girls, the way they controlled them. They're human beings, and they treat them like mannequins, like beautiful dummies.

"That wouldn't do for me. I hate to be restricted. Nobody tells me what to think, what to say. I may not always say the right thing, but what you're hearing is me."

In the year to come, a good many people will have a chance to hear her. "Besides getting a complete wardrobe, I'll be moving about the country—school permitting. I'll have some TV appearances, and I'll spend a week in Puerto Rico—all expenses paid—wow.

"Wherever I go, I'll be talking to kids. I hope that seeing me will give

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Cover photo by Ed Eckstein

them pride in being black. The Neg
needs a new awareness of himse
We've been kept down and we've a
cepted it too long. It is wrong and
has to be changed."

She is the daughter of what s
describes as middleclass Negroes. "M
father is an electrician at the Phil
delphia Navy Yards, my mother is
housewife. I have a married sist
Mrs. Anita Douglas, teaching scho
My brother Gregory, 18, works wi
the Job Corps. We grew up in a lar
rowhouse in West Philadelphia.

"I never suffered any discrimin
tion in Philadelphia. Sure, there we
subtle things, but nothing you cou
put your finger on. I can't say I w
very militant in those days. But I'
changed." The change came when s
entered Maryland State Universi
two years ago on a Philadelph
Board of Education scholarship.

"I had my eyes opened. There w
a restaurant that wouldn't serve Neg
students—just like in the South. V
got together and organized a sile
demonstration and, well, I becar
one of the leaders." Again, the smi
"That place is now integrated. . . ."

The first taste of action caused h
to join BAM—Black Awareness Mov
ment—on campus, and the NAACP.

"I feel that black people must
ganize themselves to improve th
condition. Many of us are still qu
apathetic. I know I was, for t
longest time. We don't like to becor
involved unless it's something th
affects us personally. But I can s
now that a person alone can't do ve
much. We have to get together."

When her studies permit—she
majoring in social science—she wor
with small kids in neighborhood p
grams and youth camps.

"I'm against violence . . . Dr. King's kind of mili-

ance took courage but is the only effective way."

"That really is something I love," she said, eyes sparkling. "Those children . . . they have no love, no discipline, no order in their lives. When I first started to work in the ghetto, I was shocked to see the terrible physical conditions. But what shook me even more was how hungry those kids were for just a bit of warmth, a sign of affection—aching for love. . . ."

It is her love for children that makes her want to be a social worker. "If I can help just one child grow up straight and proud, I have done something. . . ."

Her own childhood, evidently, was warm, busy and disciplined. "My mother is tough all right. She wouldn't let us get away with any funny stuff, you know. But don't get me wrong—she's a great lady."

She chuckled when I mentioned the problem of the Generation Gap.

"What's that? I've never noticed a gap. I think that's something that happens more in wealthy families. The parents have made their pile, and they get stuffy. The kids, well, they're looking for something to live for. They don't like what their parents have in mind for them. And so they search for another way to get their kicks. In a way, I blame the parents —those who make it too easy for the kids: 'You want a new car? Sure. You want to go to Berkeley? Sure. You need money? Here, take it.' But the kids need a challenge, and so, many turn into hippies. . . .

"Talk about hippies. In college, a boy came up to me and said, 'Why aren't you black people more active in the Yippie movement?'

"I told him, look, being dirty and sloppy may be okay for you kids. It's a new thing for you. To us Negroes,

it's not new. It's been part of our lives. And much too long. To you, it might be a thrill. To us, it's no thrill, believe me. We want no more of it. We want to be clean and have money and prestige, and good jobs and do our part, make a contribution to the world."

Her eyes were flashing now.

"I believe in militancy. But I am opposed to all violence, because it breeds more violence. I can understand why some people get so desperate, they riot. But what good does it do to burn your town? It gets them killed, for in the end it's the white power that has the most weapons."

She believed in the methods of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. "His kind of militance took a lot of courage—he paid with his life for it—but to me it's the only effective way."

Education, she said. It's a magic word, and she wants to spread it, as Miss Black America. "Would you believe, I tried for a job at a hospital recently—just as a play leader, looking after kids. I was told you had to have a degree. A degree, imagine. It shook me up. But then I thought it over, and I can understand it. If some of the guys who hang around street corners had someone with a good education to guide them when they were children, well, maybe they'd be better people now. A child needs inspiration—and anybody working with kids can never know enough or be good enough. . . .

"All the laws, all the protests, won't make up for a lack of education. Without education the black people can do nothing. With education nothing can stop us. Nothing. . . ."

While her compassion for young people seems limitless, she has no patience with those who "just stand a wait for handouts." She believes helping the helpless but says, "I do hold with taking welfare for grant Go to any big city. You see b strong guys just lounging about, l ing on welfare. I would make welf requirements stricter. Idleness grades a person, kills his self-respec

I mentioned that her own self- spect seemed all right. She laugh "I guess we've always been too bu in our family to lose it. When weren't working at something, were making music. We're a musi family, that's the truth. Father is baritone. He used to sing with own group. Mother plays the pia I play the piano, violin and dru You should hear the racket when all get together and play. . . ."

She enjoys singing along with cordings. "I'm a soprano in the mo ing, a baritone at night when tired

When she is in a serious mood, listens to Beethoven or Tchaikovs "I love the Pathétique. But Beet ven—I've played the Ninth so mu I'm wearing a hole in it. The ma emotions come through in the mu —the kind of emotions I feel. sometimes think if Beethoven w alive today, people would get alo better. Don't ask why. I just feel

In politics, she admired John Kennedy. "And I loved Robert K nedy. Why? Because I felt here one white man who was sincere trying to understand black people. really seemed interested, he wan to find out. . . ." Of today's crop politicians, she likes New York Ma Lindsay but fears he'll never be Pr ident because "he'll make too ma enemies among the powerful."

When I asked her about her n

political heroes, she said thoughtfully, I'm not a hip representative of my generation. A lot of the people I admire are dead. Clark Gable, Dinah Vashington, Nat King Cole."

She brightened mischievously. "You now who one of my favorite men is? ohn Wayne."

John Wayne?

"That's right," she said. "I like the vay he treats women. But I wouldn't vant him for President."

She volunteered that her favorite ood is spaghetti which she likes to ook herself, "with buckets of sauce." well-proportioned 125 pounds, she oesn't worry about dieting.

"I work it all off tumbling on the ampoline—I'm an ex-phys-ed major -or dancing. I do modern, interpreve dances—I like this form because combines a certain order and displine with freedom of movement, expression. Maybe this reflects my haracter. . . ."

Had she noted progress in Negro fe since her early memories?

"Well," she said slowly, "there has een some. More doors are open. But Negro today still has to be better an a white man to succeed—not just good, but better. I suppose, 20 ears ago you couldn't have had a iss Black America Pageant. But the ery fact that it is necessary shows at we still have a long way to go."

She gazed out the window.

"I'm glad this has happened," she peated. "It's a chance to make ings a little better, perhaps. When think of what could be and what is, find it hard sometimes to get my lips ound America The Beautiful. . . . e just have to keep trying."

This time, the smile that looked inard was very soft, and quite sad. ▼

"Maybe with this title I can do something . . ."

I hope kids seeing me will have pride in being black

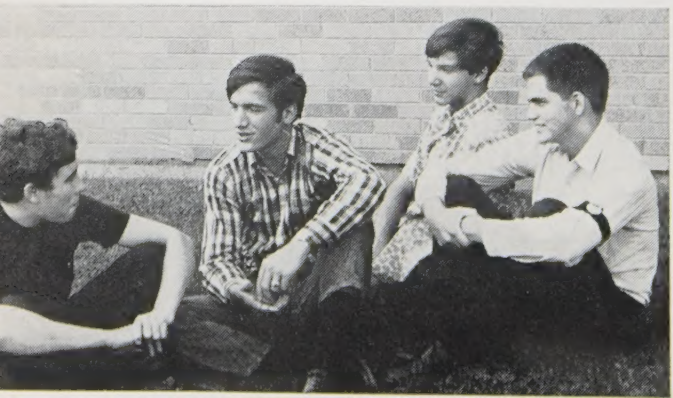
THE POWERLES

One of the most controversial events in recent U. S. history was the demonstrations during the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, August 26-29. Billy Graham, who gave an invocation at the convention, is quoted as observing that the demonstrators were "wonderful kids, idealists—but manipulated by a small, well-organized hard core that wanted a confrontation."

To get the viewpoint of some of these young demonstrators, YOUTH magazin interviewed four high school students from Elgin, Ill., who participated in and observed the activity on Michigan Avenue, Thursday, August 29. All four we tear-gassed, saw the National Guard herd demonstrators back to Grant Park, an talked with persons who had participated in the demonstrations on preceding evenings.

In the 12th grade are Frank B. James, Gary Wilson, and Ken Smeltzer, studen council president. And Rene Valencourt is first in his junior class. Three are editors of a high school underground newspaper, "The American Revelation." And the fourth helps with the paper. "I guess you'd call us politically-oriented," they add.

"After watching on TV a powerful minority control the Democratic National Convention and Chicago police busting heads of dissenters, we felt that somehow our voices must be heard. We took a tape recorder and a camera with the intent of giving a personal side of the story in our paper. We were controlled b nothing but our consciences. It is a sad commentary on our society when the only way one can say he is opposed to present governmental policies is to claim some asociation with the yippies. The whole situation is best summed up by one man we talked to. He said: 'You're probably wondering what a young executive like me is doing here. I probably don't agree with most of what the young kids say, but what happened here and in the convention last night made me sick. I'm here to protest police action. But I'm here, too, because I am powerless.' "



(Left to right) Ga Wilson, Ken Smeltz Rene Valencourt, Fra James

N MICHIGAN AVENUE

NTERVIEW

YOUTH: Why did you decide to o to Chicago last Thursday?

KEN: To see what was happening.

GARY: It was more than that.

KEN: We wanted to see what the ppies had to say. We were in mpathy with them and we wanted go in there.

FRANK: I think Chicago is a new ing in America. It was similar to e ghetto riots. A lot of people ent in there—I went in there—mply out of frustration. We saw hat was happening the day before the convention and on the streets. e felt powerless, and we had to in and express ourselves some-w. There were a lot of people in ere with the same frustrations as ople in the ghettoes. It became an tlet for frustrations.

KEN: We were not going to go along with something we did not believe in. This is what we were expressing.

YOUTH: It has been said that the art of politics is basically compromise. You sound as if you are saying that if you cannot completely buy candidate X or candidate Y, then you are going to drop out completely. Where is your compromise?

FRANK: They compromised with Julian Bond and compromised with the Southern delegations—splitting half and half. They compromised all through the convention. We are just going to have four more years of what we have had. That is what compromise is. I just stopped compromising.

YOUTH: Where does that leave

. 8 by Don Honick, all other photos by Gary, Ken, Frank, and Rene.

you? None of you are old enough t vote this year. You went in, too part in the demonstrations, observe it, and got a little tear gas. Frank wearing a black armband with a Mc Carthy button on it. Are you goin to support or get involved in Th New Party? Or are you just goin to sit and wait for 1972 and hop that something new is going to hap pen then?

FRANK: I think the system had i last chance in Chicago. The majo ity of kids got involved and worke hard for McCarthy. What hap pened? Nothing. So, I think mo of these kids are through with th whole system. Now they have bee forced to become radical.

KEN: We see what we think the truth and we will follow that.

GARY: Many kids are going to th Peace and Freedom Party; some ar just dropping out; some are movin to Canada, Sweden, or any plac they can move outside the countr

KEN: Our country is not strivin to go towards the new way, bu striving to retain the old, rather tha looking for good, responsible chang

GARY: And that defeats the pu pose of the American revolutio which was to bring about neede change and develop a governmen which could constantly bring abou needed change. Thomas Jefferso saw this—all our great forefathe saw what would be needed. Ye somehow we have decided that the is no reason to change.

YOUTH: In effect, you are sayin that you and a lot of other guys ar dropping out. You are saying we ar not going to try any more.

FRANK: I would say that we are not dropping out like the San Francisco movement, but, like a lot of black people, you are going to have a lot of young people, a lot of peace people, a lot of people who just want to see a change, turning their backs on this country, too. You add that up, and that's something to be reckoned with.

YOUTH: What does it mean to turn your back on the country? Does it mean you leave?

FRANK: Stokeley Carmichael says that it is time for black people to start thinking about what is good for black people rather than what is good for America. I think it will be the same with students and peace people.

YOUTH: What does that mean—practically?

FRANK: I think it means that people will take to the streets if they have to. If they aren't able to change anything within the system, they will certainly disrupt the system, because it is just unbearable to sit around and take it.

YOUTH: Isn't one of the bases for democracy the rule of the majority?

GARY: The rule of the majority—plus the rights of minorities.

FRANK: It is well-known that it is minorities that make changes and the majority follows.

YOUTH: You imply that there is no choice between Humphrey and Nixon.

FRANK: There might be for people who have hope in the system.

KEN: There is for my folks.

GARY: I see no difference at all on Vietnam. Until you get out of Vietnam, you can't do anything in this country. So it doesn't matter how good a domestic policy Humphrey may propose, if he can't get us out of Vietnam.

YOUTH: Let's get back to the demonstrations. Ken, you said one of the reasons you went in was because you were in sympathy with the hippies, yippies, and SDS.

KEN: The point was that we didn't go along with this convention. We didn't go along with the police brutality of the night before. We didn't go along with the Vietnam plank. We were all there to express our idealism and discontent with the proceedings.

YOUTH: React to what you saw in the demonstrations—not the part you saw on TV, but what you saw while you were there in person.

FRANK: I didn't see any brick throwing or bottle throwing. I didn't even see any taunting of police, except for hisses when the National Guard drove by.

KEN: We yelled at them. We were shouting slogans all the time.

FRANK: There was obscenity; but the police used plenty of obscenity themselves. I didn't see police beat any heads, but I didn't see anyone throw any rocks or bottles either.

GARY: One thing I saw was a lot of businessmen. I had the idea that there were mostly just kids there, but I saw a lot of young executives.

KEN: And middle-aged citizens of Chicago. I asked them, "Are you here for the demonstration?" "No, I came down to show sympathy and support."

FRANK: I was surprised at the number of black people. I didn't think McCarthy had that much black following, but there were quite a few blacks.

KEN: Another thing, you might call us revolutionaries or whatever but I think a large majority of the group was there to be gassed.

GARY: That was the worst display of riot control I've ever seen. They could easily have done a more efficient job. They didn't have to beat you or gas you—just arrest you. Why all the extra stuff?

FRANK: That is what the people in charge wanted. The yippies were there to have a confrontation, and Mayor Daley wanted a confrontation, too.

YOUTH: Do you think Daley wasn't aware he would get a bad press if he went around beating heads?

FRANK: He got a bad press, but look at the support he got from people.

GARY: Most people writing in to the Chicago papers, the girls who took cakes to Chicago policemen demonstrators in support of the police—most of these people didn't see it. I don't see how they could have seen it and understood what was happening, and still support what the police did.

FRANK: If you don't like minorities—black, peace, whatever—you would like to see them beaten. That's all! And Daley was appealing to these people. He got a lot of support. Guys were leaning out of the window of some technical school booing at us.

GARY: One thing I want to say, cording to the National Guard, ne of their guys joined the demon- ators. I walked with one guy who l. He had his uniform on. We ere running around trying to find handkerchief so he could cover s face. He was black.

RENE: There was one black cap- n in a jeep who was sympathizing th the demonstrators.

YOUTH: What are your feelings retrospect?

KEN: How are people, who tched it on TV, going to know hich side to believe?

FRANK: There were yippies who nted police. There were police o crushed skulls and stomped on ople's stomachs.

RENE: I tried to talk with a friend school about what happened. He called me a Communist. He thinks the police are right, and that we don't have any right to dissent.

FRANK: "Law and order" is a disguised word for racism. This was repressive law and order—not justice.

YOUTH: If McCarthy or McGovern had been nominated, could they have been elected?

FRANK: Nixon would have won, because McCarthy couldn't even get nominated. It just shows the reluctance of this country to change before it's too late. McCarthy would have brought in a new kind of politics, giving power and voice to new people.

KEN: An important thing is getting good people in Congress.

GARY: There is a definite move toward the right wing in state and national legislatures.

KEN: How do you keep men lik Daley from being elected? How c you get a better man?

FRANK: Raise hell in the street

YOUTH: But, evidently, that ha gotten more support for Daley.

GARY: Has it? You can't tell.

YOUTH: Nine weeks from veste day is election day. What are yo going to do?

FRANK: Election day is irrelevan really, because it's part of the sy tem. I anticipate a lot of violenc

GARY: An action for us is just get in our schools and do somethin to change it, hoping that the chang within the school system will eve tually change the whole structu for the better, so that it will be tolerant society.

YOUTH: In other words, you a willing to wait 12 years?

GARY: I am not willing to wa but I see that kind of thing as th only thing I can do right now, be cause I have absolutely no pow anywhere else, and very little at a in the high school.

FRANK: We will have to see wh happens.

GARY: If there are more demo strations, we may participate in the

FRANK: We are so powerless.

GARY: We ought to have a n tional boycott of high schools o election day.

KEN: The point is that you a expressing your disapproval of th whole system.

GARY: One thing you could do work up a pamphlet explaining th way to write in a candidate—su gesting you write in somebody Dick Gregory or Pat Paulson.

FRANK: Point out the sham.

GARY: Just make people realize here is no choice left.

YOUTH: Did any good come out f Chicago?

FRANK: I think so. It showed that hings here are just like Czechoslo-akia. There is a group of people ere, just like in Czechoslovakia, ho are tired of the way things are, red of a rigid system. That does ot mean the government, but the stem, is rigid and regimented. lso, Chicago showed that it is not st blacks who are turning to vi-ence, not just people on campuses, ot just people who opposed the ar, but people on all sides.

GARY: I think the good of Chi-go came when people who had oped that the guys in the smoke-led rooms might come to see that a change is needed realized that this system is not open to change as it was originally intended. Therefore, a change has to be brought about in some other way. The other way is predestined, I suppose, to be in the streets. I think Chicago has just shown that that is where it is going to be in the next four years.

YOUTH: Do you want to make any predictions as to who will win the election?

FRANK: Richard Nixon.

RENE: I think he will win, but I don't know. Wallace has a lot of support.

KEN: Humphrey might win, because I feel it will go to the House of Representatives, which will be more Democratic than Republican.

RENE: But, it will be a Republican House. ▼

REFLECTIONS ON A NIGHT IN CHICAGO

By Elsa Koenig, 20,
Havertown, Pa.

It's very difficult to describe the feelings in Chicago on Wednesday night.

Policemen are your friends.

But one thing there was on both sides, and that was hate.

Fascist cop! Communist kids!

It came from all sides and settled over the area just as much as the tear gas did and it will last much longer than the tear gas.

It's terrible. It burns your nose, eyes, throat, everything.

You couldn't help but look at every policeman you saw and wonder what he was thinking, if he was thinking at all.

Hippy—pig!

You wanted to look the cop in the eye and tell him just what the score was, but he wouldn't listen. He had his mind made up about you already.

We've won! We're on our way!

There was the tenseness of knowing that we really hadn't won at all and that the police would soon come. And then the siren sounded.

Everybody to the sidewalk—quick!

There was knowing that we'd be arrested. But we were lucky and they sent us on our way.

There was much more still.

Is it love that keeps you going when you know you are in trouble?

Keep holding my hand.

Is it love that lets you link arms for a long time with someone you don't know and will probably never see again?

Boy, is that guy weird! He shoots down airplanes with smoke rings from his cigarettes.

Is it love that helps a boy who is ashamed and dejected at what he has seen from the police to be comforted by his girl friend and to go back into the fray?

They're busting heads in there!

Whatever happened Wednesday, August 28, was more than brutality, more than hate, more than love. It was all three together. It was life to a surrealistic degree. The war is bad. We were protesting that; but there was more because we were more than the system that created the war. People were living, moving, breathing together without fear of the others around. We lived in a way that doesn't happen very often in the lives we know at home, or in church or in school, and it was great.

WHERE IS A CHRISTIAN'S FIRST ALLEGIANCE?

Borgstedt in The Philadelphia Bulletin

Caught in the Vise!

BY STEVEN JOHNSON

"I agree with your goals but not with your tactics."—"The University has the right to punish students who interfere with its policies."—"High schools should kick students out if their hair is too long."—"Black people should use the legal channels of change. If they wait change will come. But if they put pressure on, nobody will surrender to that pressure."—"The police force must have more men and equipment to maintain law and order."

Statements like these are being made more and more as the 1960's move toward the 1970's. 1968 is the year that crime in the streets, black rebellions, student takeovers of campus buildings, and many related issues are prime issues in the campaign for President. Americans no longer know whether they are electing a 20th Century President or a 19th Century law-and-order sheriff.

Humphrey, Nixon, and Wallace all share in this growing national mood. Americans are saying that those who show disrespect for the law must be punished. If rioters and campus rebels do not understand reason, then force must be used against them. "Support Your Local Police" is a common rallying cry.

The American experiment seems to be in trouble. People are not "living happily ever after;" in fact, America seems to be getting worse.

The rising pressures for change of the 1960's have called forth a rising vocal resistance to change. As young people, we find we must make heavier personal decisions that young people in earlier generations were called to make. For many, a tension has risen even between one's allegiance to the Christian faith and one's allegiance to the government.

In more tranquil times, the arguments for "law and order" would seem forceful and clearcut. In the past, one's image of the law-breaker was that of the common criminal, not the social protester. One's image of the cop was that of the good guy, not the opponent of just change.

Under more tranquil conditions, there would be broad understanding of the value of the law. Society cannot function without laws. Unless citizens share a common commitment to the law, even though they may personally dislike some of the laws, society will fall into chaos and all citizens will suffer.

Furthermore, when the law is not maintained, many ordinary citizens

artoon by Donato—Toronto Telegram
Ben Roth Agency)

find their personal rights and liberties have been severely infringed. When a community is not safe, citizens must walk the streets in fear of personal attack. Storekeepers will fear for their property. In a university, many students will find their studies blocked by obstructive demonstrations in which many other students have shut the university down for a long period of time.

"Law and order," therefore, should be a beautiful idea, since law and order protects the rights of millions, allowing them to go unmolested about their daily business.

But, these are not tranquil times. From the perspective of many young people today, from the perspective of many minority groups, and from the perspective of many who are Christians, the call to "respect the law" is an evasive social denial of basic social injustices.

For example, we see that Congress has lavished billions upon a war in Vietnam to support a very questionable "ally," and meanwhile has taken the knife to cut billions from the War on Poverty budget. A gun-control bill failed to get through Congress, yet "law and order" drafts students who oppose the war, and bills the Poor People's Campaign $70,000 for damage done to a national park. Though law and order is affirmed, one's sense of justice is evaded and denied.

The news media equivocate. On the one hand, they endorse the need of poor whites and blacks to have greater opportunity and greater Federal assistance. But, in an undertone, the same news media condemn the poor for demanding access to tax money of the hard-up middle class.

The clear demand is not for rhetorical salutes to the desirability of justice. The demand from black people, from those opposed to the war in Vietnam, from poor whites is a demand that justice be *implemented*, not merely saluted. And America has not appeared ready to implement justice.

From the viewpoint of the blacks residential segregation is worsening. Educational facilities and job opportunities are still very bad. White society still has basic control of the major institutions of the black community—the police, the schools, the cultural institutions. And the forces of law and order appear to be forces of "plantation justice" from the slavery of yesteryear.

Quite similarly, many young people have seen the call for "law and order" to be a call for cooperation with what they feel is the nation's murderous and inexcusable war in Vietnam.

This harsh and rising debate, which has pitted "law and order" against "justice" in the nation's thinking, has driven many to reconsider the purposes and historical roots of law in American history. It has also forced rethinking among Christians of the strengths and limits of the Christian obligation to obey the laws of the government.

Historically, the laws of the society have been tied to the U. S. Constitution, and to the English tradition of common and civil law brought by the early settlers. It is to these early times that one returns in order to learn about the sources of today's laws.

The Constitution is not and never was a sacred document. It was

© 1968—Herblock / Washington Post

"Sock it to 'em, baby!"

hammered out slowly, painfully, by a group of 40 hot, angry men meeting during the summer of 1787 in Philadelphia. It aimed "toward a more perfect Union," but it was a limited and imperfect document, the best that could be achieved at the time; a great historical advance measured against European monarchies. Even so, many Americans criticized the Constitution at the time for not being democratic enough, for serving the special interests of wealth and for legitimizing slavery.

It is clear that the laws of the society, the legal tradition in America, are rooted in conflicts and battles of a long and mixed historical past. Not all of these conflicts were peaceful; men often had to struggle and die, be harassed, terrorized, and arrested, as they fought for human principles which the greater society had so far refused to recognize in law.

In other words, codified law represents the outcome of partisan historical choice. In that sense, "the law" is never impartial; it always takes sides. And the law takes sides because the men and women, old and young, who fought to establish that law were themselves partisans, actively taking sides for causes and principles they felt were important. Or it takes sides because special interests had the power to gain legislative endorsement for their ends.

For many Christians, one's obedience to the law is always conditional. If some particular law is so abhorrent to one's conscience that he feels cooperation with that law would be a fundamental betrayal of his religious or ethical scruples, th must he disobey that law in ord to obey his conscience? Both O and New Testament are full of e amples—from Jeremiah to Jesus— such concern for obedience to G rather than law.

Government must rest upon t consent of the governed. These a serious times, because individu who are governed have been deci ing one by one that many actio of the government do not ha their consent. Students will n obey the orders of the draft, ghet people will not obey the orders the police, because in both cas such obedience to the law would a violation of conscience and pe sonal dignity.

Yet what about the rest of Am ica? What about the millions Americans who feel themselves we served and protected by the la of today? Do not they have a rig to the law and order which th are strongly demanding today? W should they listen to the young pe ple, or to the oppressed people the ghettos?

This conflict will not be reco ciled by the national elections the fifth of November. Those w favor "law and order" have t dominant position today, and a not likely to be persuaded change their stand at any time the near future. Those who belie that America has yet to impleme a just society will not be restrain by election results or by the thre of imprisonment. The crisis is severe one, particularly for you and is likely to continue long b vond the elections of 1968. ▼

© 1968, Conrad—Los Angeles Times

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS NOW . . .

On a recent TV interview program called *What's Happening to America?*, Mayor John Lindsay of New York City gave it as his opinion that our nation is beset by many problems, all traceable, he said, to the failure in quality of our national leadership.

"I tend to believe," said the Mayor, "that America has lost its way."

The Mayor didn't develop that picturesque figure, but we lost our way when we didn't stop at that filling station we passed back there on Highway 68 to ask the attendant how to get off this road of Dead End Solutions, and get back on the freeway to, if not Tranquility, at least Reason.

So better later than never, sore and road-weary, I made a U-turn and went back to the filling station. I honked and the attendant came out—a tall, lean old gentleman, his long white beard and robe flowing in the wind.

"Hi, pop, where's your scythe?" I said for openers.

"It's inside there. Want some gas?"

"Well, yes, but I've been driving along here for some time. How do I get off this road? Aren't there any exits on this highway?"

"Oh yes, plenty of exits—a lot of easy ones. But they don't lead nowhere. Where you headin' for?"

"To Tranquility."

"Tranquility, eh? Well, you're on the wrong road. You made some wrong turns back there. You weren't paying attention to them signs."

"Well, I was following the white line."

"The white line, eh? That accounts for one of the wrong turns you made."

"So I'm lost. What do I do now? Keep going along this road?"

"I wouldn't if I was you. But I guess you will anyway. Everybody comes speeding by, and pretty soon they're back, telling me they're lost. Speed—full steam ahead all the time."

"That's America for you, Pop."

"Oh, it ain't only America. It's the whole world. People fighting, people killing, people starving. People fighting and killing to keep from starving. And then they speed past here looking for a way out. Nobody stops to ask the way. You're the first one that's stopped by in ten years. All hell bent for election."

"Well, maybe after the election we'll be back on the road again, huh, pop?"

"I hope so. But I doubt it. Peo-
le being what they are. Everybody
ith fixed opinions, won't give an
ch to nobody."

"That's human nature, isn't it,
op?"

"Well, human nature ain't bad.
's inhuman nature that gets 'em
st. I used to go out and put signs
p along the road—signs like DO
NTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE
THERS DO UNTO YOU, and PEACE ON
ARTH, and the like. And all they
emembered was them fool Burma
have signs."

"Well, what's gonna be with me?
m lost. Got a suggestion?"

"Yeh, I got a suggestion. Not only
r you, but for everybody. Take a
vo week vacation. The whole lot
f you."

"You mean all America?"

"I mean the whole world. Take a
vo week vacation. Everybody."

"You mean everybody at the same
me?"

"That's right. The whole world.
verybody stays home and don't do
thing. Just sit around and think
without hate, without bias. Think-
g, that'll do it."

"You mean the whole world just
ands still?"

"That's the idea. And if those
tle green men up there on them
her planets wonder what on earth
going on on earth, we just stick up
big sign in the middle of the earth
at says CLOSED DURING ALTERCA-
ONS.

BY GOODMAN ACE

"You're a big one for signs, aren't you?"

"Yeh, for all the good they do."

"But you can't stop the wheels of all the governments everywhere while the world takes two weeks off."

"Why not? You take two days off every weekend. Ever notice nothing big ever happens during those two days? Why not two weeks? Two weeks of just sitting around the house thinking it over. And everybody comes back rested, sun-tanned, clear vision, and you tear up everything you've been doing and start over at the beginning of the road."

"That's kind of wild, pop."

"Wild? How'd you like a wild crash into that dead-end down there, and all of your fixed opinions and bias and hate blown to smithereens into the wild blue unknown? And all your altercations turn out to be for the birds. And the other dumb animals. And in another eon or two, this old earth will start all over with another species—on a higher level—snakes, for instance. Hm? Want some gas?"

"No, I think I'll just sit here and think for a while." ▼

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EYEWITNESS IN PRAGUE

BY ELINOR GALUSHA / I d not understand Czech and only few words of German. Withou these languages, how do you ask resident of a small town in Norther Czechoslovakia the meaning of a endless column of tanks, trucks jeeps, and other military vehicle streaming into the country fron Poland? I did not ask, and drov for over two hours, somewhat mysti fied, along winding mountain road in the opposite direction from th oncoming might of the Soviet army Not until that evening, August 21 1968, in the tiny resort town of Ha rachov on the Polish border o Czechoslovakia did I learn, from a East German businessman, that th military forces of the USSR, Hun gary, Poland, Bulgaria, and Eas Germany had occupied all Czech eslovakia

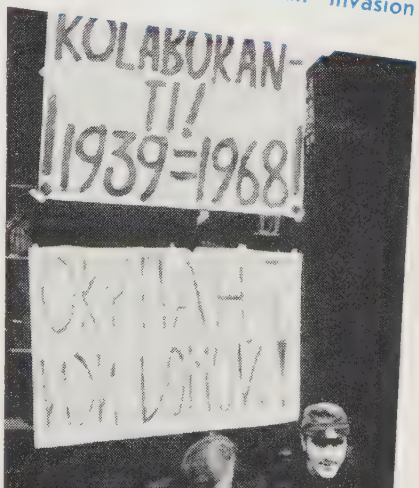
I had entered Czechoslovakia early a week earlier, spent three elightful days sightseeing in the ›vely baroque city of Prague, and wo days in driving and hiking alone ı the Giant Mountains of Northeast Bohemia. A tremendous tourist oom gripped Czechoslovakia. Hotel ›oms were jammed in Prague. I vas among the hundreds of tourists oused in private homes and apartıents of the city. The mountain reorts were also crowded. There, out f reach of English language newsapers and managing the essentials f communication with only about 0 words of German (second lanuage of the Czechs) and the mited English spoken by some hoel personnel, I encountered the inading Russian forces.

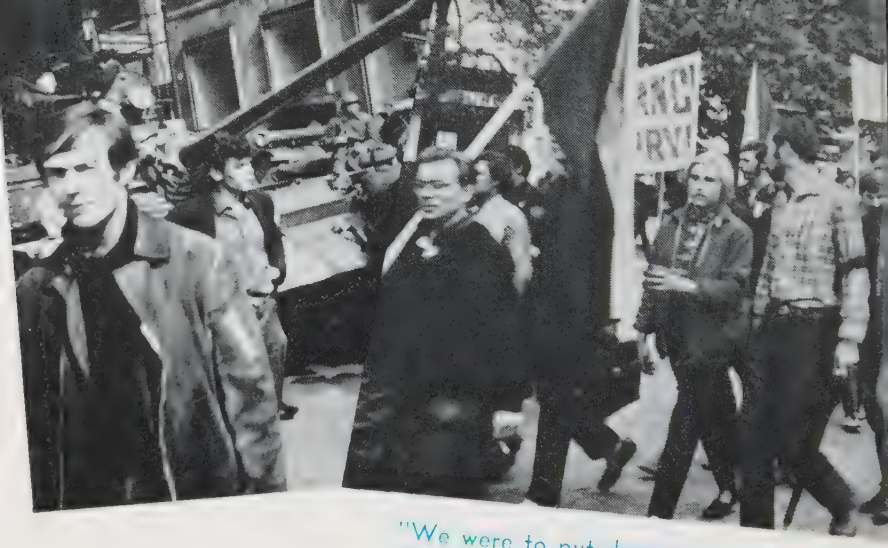
The morning of the invasion left the town of Trutnov, headed or another resort area. No one at he hotel mentioned an invasion, alhough by this time, Prague, 65 iles away, was already occupied. Iy first act that morning was to hotograph a Russian tank displayed ı the Trutnov town square in comıemoration of the Russians' liberaon of Czechoslovakia in 1945. An our later I was facing other tanks, ımbling along a mountain highway ›ward me. Often I had to pull over ıd stop to let the awkward moners maneuver around me. But ıese tanks and trucks bore no idenfying red stars. Wild flowers decrated many, in the typical Euroean fashion of decorating almost verything, including public buses, ith live flowers.

The military convoy was molestg no one. Civilian traffic moved ›rmally. In the towns, the populous was out in force to watch the convoy. No one waved at the military, it is true, but neither did I discern signs of resistance. As I neared the resort town of Harrachov, I realized that the convoy was coming in from Poland. Were maneuvers or war games the latest episode in relationships between the liberalizing Communist followers of Alexander Dubcek and the hardliners in the Kremlin? To be in the midst of an invasion somehow did not seem to fit the facts of my experience or the expectations of the few Czechs I had earlier talked with about the Russo-Czech situation.

The next day I headed back to Prague, 80 miles away, alone, in the Skoda MB 1000 I had rented two days earlier. Again, I saw the tanks and trucks, now parked in out-of-the-way places, a few broken down beside the highway, and others standing ominous guard at major intersections. Now I knew the sol-

Everywhere signs proclaimed Czech resistance to the Russian invasion





"We were to put down a counterrevolution the Russians said. But where was i

diers in them were Russian invaders of a nation defiant of their presence.

In every town, large and small, placards and signs and slogans painted or chalked across the highway proclaimed the Czechs' resistance. "Dubcek Swobodu" ("Free Dubcek"), "USSR Go Home," "Moscow 1500 km," screamed slogans. Though I could read neither Russian nor Czech, the intent of the signs was obvious: strong support for Dubcek and his liberal socialist policies and resistance to occupation by the Russians and their allies. Young people were everywhere, still painting or chalking slogans across the road—route of the tanks I had faced the day before. In one wooded area a Russian flag hung across the highway; newly emblazoned on it was an ugly black swastika.

The presence of the Russians was as obvious as was the verbal resistance. But I saw no physical resistance to the occupiers nor a evidence, outside Prague, of Russi action against the Czech populati or property. Inside most towns, saw no Russians, and there the po ulation was gathered in the stree Some were still painting signs protest, some shopped, and othe just watched what was happenin Police were directing traffic in a fe places, but there were no roadbloc

In my whole trip to Prague I w never stopped by Russians. In se eral towns the Czechs had paint out the road direction markers confuse the invading Russians. Mlada Boleslav the signs to Prag were completely reversed, and one signpost was newly painte "Berlin" to the left and "Moscow" the right. In that town I temporar lost my way, but I felt only admi tion for the Czechs' courageous a clever defiance

Prague was a strange sight. Tanks were parked in all the major squares and intersections. Trams stood empty and unmoving on the tracks throughout the city. Only a few stores were open. But people were on the street, most walking somewhere. Many implored me in eloquent sign language to give them a lift. I dared not stop, however, lest a subsequent interrogation by the Russian occupiers should find me, a foreign national, identified with the resisting Czechs.

I went to Wenceslas Square, in the center of Prague. There, the day before, the guns of the Russian tanks had shot up the facade of the National Museum. I drove directly in front of and beside the scores of tanks standing guard in Wenceslas Square to reach the car rental office, sounding my horn to disperse the crowds of civilians, largely college-age young people, gathered in grief, frustration, and protest.

Many civilians talked with the tank crews, asking, I later discovered, the inevitable question, "Why are you here?" The answer came back: "They told us we were to put down a counterrevolution supported by West Germany and the United States." No such counterrevolution was occurring in Prague or elsewhere. Even occupying troops knew it; some wept at their being there.

From the car rental office, I called the U.S. Embassy to receive instructions on how to leave the country. The first word was of a fleet of buses coming in from Vienna to take out Americans. But the buses were stopped at the border.

Time flew that afternoon as I ate lunch, found myself a hotel room, talked with people, took photographs of the occupying forces, the demonstrating Czechs, and the slogans and posters of protest. The slogan "USA - VIETNAM = CCCP - CSSR"* bit deep into my American conscience. Repeatedly I called the U.S. Embassy for instructions on leaving the country. Rumors flew of what had been, was, and might be happening in Czechoslovakia and across the world in response to the Russian occupation. Through it all the Czechs stoicly defied but did not resist the Russians. Nearly everyone, young and old, wore lapel-sized Czech flags or tiny red, white, and blue banners. Radio Free Prague continued to broadcast. Students and others distributed leaflets appealing to the Russians to go home.

The streets were cleared of civilians by 5 p. m. An organized demonstration by Czechs was expected momentarily. At this same moment, I learned that a special train chartered by the U.S. Embassy would leave for Vienna at 7 p. m. from Vrsovece Station, some distance from the Jalta Hotel on Wenceslas Square where I was now registered. The nearby railroad station was occupied and closed. How to get to Vrsovece Station was the present quandry. Trams were not running in downtown Prague, and taxis were nearly nonexistent. Hotel personnel tried, unsuccessfully, to find me a cab.

At that moment one of the civilians watching the street from the doorway of the hotel called, "Ameri-

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* CCCP = USSR in the Cyrillic alphabet; CSSR = Czechoslovakian Soviet Socialist Republic.

can, come on." I hastened out. A porter followed with my luggage. In the street a Czech police station wagon occupied by both a policeman and a Czech military officer had pulled up. I jumped in along with my luggage and began a wild zigzag ride to Vrsovece Station.

We careened around corners and down streets as fast as paving blocks and tram tracks would allow. We met one moving tank, but cut right into another street to avoid it. By 5:15 I was at the station and soon aboard the special train for Vienna. At 7:30 p. m. the train finally pulled out and crawled to the Austrian border, passing through towns where even in the darkness and the drizzle we caught the shimmer of light on the dull metal of tanks and armored vehicles. By 6:30 a. m. we reached Vienna, having crossed the border at a point not yet occupied by Russian invaders. Twelve hours later I finally crawled into my bed in Boston, Mass.

This dramatic, but remarkably calm, experience in the midst of an invasion, climaxed a nearly four-month stay in Europe. I spent the five weeks prior to my evacuation from Prague behind the Iron Curtain. Before that I had attended the Fourth Assembly of the World Council of Churches in Uppsala, Sweden. During the long journey home, I tried to sort out what it all meant. Much is still unclear, and the more I read and see, the more confused and confusing the whole situation appears.

But a few things are clear:

1. One of the major issues under consideration at the World Council of Churches Assembly was *how to bridge the gap between the rich an powerful nations and the poor an weak ones.* As long as power an wealth are concentrated in the hanc of a few nations, weak nations wi continue to be the hapless victin of the greed and pride of the powe ful. In my view, it was considera tions of power that sent Soviet force into Prague far more than matters c ideology. It was fear of losing ou sway in the economic and politica life of the Dominican Republic fa more than fear of Communist ide logy that caused our Marines t land in 1965. Some global sharin of wealth and of responsibility fc the welfare of all men must b worked out if neither the greed an pride of the powerful nor the bitte frustrations of the poor and the wea are to plunge our world into chao

2. *Overcoming language and cu tural barriers is an urgent huma and Christian task.* In Northeaster Czechoslovakia I was isolated fro understanding what was actually gc ing on in the midst of the Russia occupation because literally I coul not speak the language of the pe ple. But more basic than that, was in the midst of a culture some what different from my own, wit unfamiliar patterns of life and way of thinking and acting.

All this is to say that it is increas ingly important for us to gain flu ency in more than one language an to put ourselves in situations wher we can try to find and feel our wa into the culture and thought pa terns of other people. The majorit of American young people are im prisoned in the American languag because we have little seeming nee and even less opportunity to use a

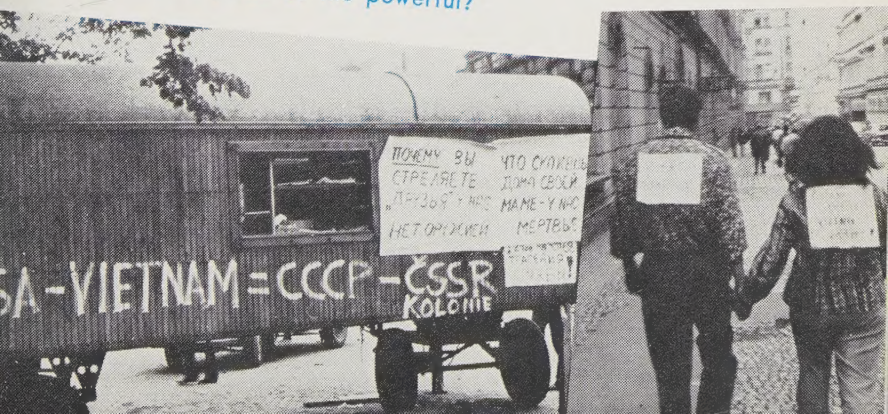
ther language to communicate with eople we meet. Even worse, we are ocked into the assumptions and atitudes of middle-class, white, Protstant Americans and fail to realize hat there are other, equally valid, ssumptions and attitudes held by ther segments of the U.S. populaion, to say nothing of the diversiies present in the wider world. Too ew Americans are aware of how arochial we are, of how often we udge those who are different by *ur* assumptions without ever asking vhat their words or actions mean in he context of their own assumptions.

3. *"How is it possible to live as a Christian in a Communist land?"* is question often heard from Amerians who look at Christians in the USSR, Hungary, or Czechoslovakia. Another question is equally valid: How is it possible to live as a Chrisian in a non-Communist land?" Vhether communist, socialist, or emocrat, one must first ask, "How nuch of what I consider to be esential ingredients of a Christian life is the product of my culture and not necessarily outgrowth of faithful response to the Christian gospel?" Or to put it differently, "Is it not possible to live out the Christian witness in different cultural contexts?"

My answer is "Yes." An authentic Christian life looks different in different situations. For this reason, I am still convinced, despite the actions of the Soviet Union in Czechoslovakia and the political, economic, and ideological differences between USSR and USA, that a dètente is essential. Otherwise, the opportunities for doing the "double translation" and arriving at increased mutual understanding and respect will be foreclosed.

Because nations violate human decency and freedom and slam the door on world opinion does not absolve men of good-will from their responsibility to pry the door open. Hope remains that contact can melt the icebergs of fear and insecurity that drive nations to require the subjugation of the weak as the evidence of their strength. ▼

w long will weak nations continue to be ims of greed and pride of the powerful?



MORNING PRAYER

BY BARB BEHRENS

Time to get up again,
Out again
In again,
Pick up my life again.

Another bus to catch,
Catch up
Catch on,
Catch hold of left-over dreams,
Left-over schemes
Left-over lives.
Don't let me be left-over,
Left out
Left behind.

Lift me up to tomorrow.
Let me out to possibility.
Release me from myself
to Thee.

Your love in me—
So shall it be.